



HERE LIETH
THE OLD YEAR

ORPHAN HOURS, THE
YEAR IS DEAD,
COME, SIGH,
COME AND WEEP!
MERRY HOURS
SMILE INSTEAD
FOR THE
YEAR IS BUT ASLEEP
SEE! IT SMILES AS IT
IS SLEEPING,
MOCKING YOUR UNTIME-
LY WEEPING.

SHELLEY.

DR. DEANE'S RENUNCIATION.

A Story and a Lesson For the
New Year.

IT was the evening of Dec. 31, and the year was ending with glorious winter weather. The ground was hard frozen, but not even a holly or an evergreen rustled, and the branches of the bare trees were perfectly still.

Dr. Deane stood in his doorway. Presently there came a sliding sound, a muttered exclamation, a heavy fall. He hurried out, to find horse and rider gone down on the slippery roadway, but without serious injury, for both were already rising.

"Can I do anything for you?" was his natural question under such circumstances.

"Well—yes; I think you can," said the stranger, a man whom the brightening moon revealed as tall, broad shouldered, dark and not of prepossessing appearance. "That is," he added, "if you have a house near at hand," and he felt one foot and leg thoughtfully.

"Within three yards." The doctor pointed toward his garden gate. "I



"DEANE—JOHN DEANE?" HE REPEATED. have a spare bedroom; also a vacant stall in the stable. Shall I put you and your horse up for the night?" "You are not afraid to entertain a stranger?" "Not in the least," the other man smiled. "I am not nervously constituted."

"Then I accept, with thanks," was the reply. "Evidently I am not seriously hurt, but I think my foot is sprained," and, trying to walk a step, an exclamation escaped him which meant pain.

"Fortunately I am a doctor. I will

see to it. Let me lead your horse, and do you lean on my arm. My man is gone home, but I can stable your steed. I often do so for my own if I come in late. Please walk in and make yourself as comfortable as you can. I will be with you in ten minutes. The door, as you see, stands open. The room on the left hand side has a very good fire."

Until the injured foot had been attended to and bandaged the stranger kept silence, but his piercing eyes were studying the countenance of his host with an expression of astonishment.

"No," he exclaimed at last; "you have no fear of me, though, for all you know, I might be a robber or a murderer. May I learn your name?"

"Certainly. It is John Deane. And yours?"

But apparently the question was not heard, for it was not answered. Indeed, the doctor could plainly see that his guest seemed startled and ill at ease.

"Deane—John Deane?" he repeated. "It must be fate, hard and relentless fate, which brought me to your door tonight, then," said the man at last. "If I had known you were living in this place I should have given you an exceedingly wide berth. Dr. John Deane."

"You are speaking in riddles," said the doctor. "I do not wish for an explanation. I will ring for something in the form of supper and then, with your permission, light you upstairs to the room where I hope you will rest comfortably for such time as it seems best for you to be my guest."

"Well, have it so if you will," murmured the other.

The meal, a very simple one, was eaten in silence. As it concluded Dr. Deane suggested that a good night's rest was next to be thought of, but the guest shook his head.

"As you will," he said, with a slight hesitation. "Only you will, I am sure, pardon me if I give myself up to thinking instead of talking. Sometimes the dead past seems revived. It is so with me on each Dec. 31, and I do not resist its power."

The other answered nothing, but leaned back in his chair, gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

The little timepiece struck the hours of 10 and 11, yet still these two men sat on in absolute silence, each apparently absorbed in his own reflections.

It must have been within a half hour of midnight when the stranger roused himself as if from a dream and, sitting erect, exclaimed:

"Deane—John Deane!"

The doctor started violently; it was so sudden an awakening to the actual present that his professional composure deserted him, and his voice shook as he responded:

"What—what is it?"

"This; I can't sit here by your fire-side and keep silence. I wonder now whether I could not manage to ride another five or six miles farther."

The strange guest looked fixedly at the doctor's face.

"So you are changed by the passing years, are you? Think back a bit. Did you ever vow that you would be revenged on one who wronged you?"

The young often are. That vow of mine has been repented of long since. I would like nothing better than to clasp the hand of him who injured me and tell him I have long since made renunciation of that first purpose."

"You—would—do—that?" The words came slowly, one by one. "Why?"

"Because the past is past, and life is not long enough to be burdened with anger and resentment. Besides—"

But at this point Dr. Deane was interrupted.

"I am Frederick Watson."

A strange silence fell upon these men, and it lasted several minutes, during which the thoughts of both had traveled back many years.

"I came between you and one whom you loved," said the guest then. The doctor made a sign of assent. No words seemed possible.

"I represented you as guilty of an act of which you were innocent; con-



"EXPOSE ME TO THE WORLD."

sequently you were disinherited—and in my favor."

Again that silent movement of the head.

"Well, you have waited long, but here I am, thrown upon your hands by an accident. Expose me to the world if you will. I deserve it."

But the doctor rose and stood still. The bells were already ringing in the new year, and a smile came upon his lips as he listened and then held out his hand.

"Long ago I made renunciation of that purpose to be revenged," he said, "and I renew it now. Frederick Watson, let us be friends, and do you make the future better than the past."

Some months later it began to be general news that Dr. Deane was a rich man. Property which ought always to have been his had been restored to him, but no one knew the details of the story. They only know that a certain Mr. Watson made frequent and lengthy visits to the cottage, which had so rarely known any presence than that of its owner, and he and Dr. Deane appeared to be close friends—friends of "old lang syne."

HIS ULTIMATUM TO HENS

Physician's Patent "Lay or Starve"
Nest is Result of Years of
Earnest Study.

Chatham, N. Y.—Since it became known that he has perfected a nest which makes it impossible for a hen to shirk her greatest responsibility, Dr. I. C. Washburn, one of the most prominent physicians in this part of the State, has been flooded with letters from farmers in all parts of Columbia county begging him to disclose the details of his remarkable contrivance.

"Lay or starve!" is the ultimatum handed to the hens by the physician. For years it has been a battle of wits between the birds and himself, with the birds fooling him at every turn. But at last he has triumphed. With his patent nests in every corner the hens are obliged to choose between swelling the egg census or going hungry.

Dr. Washburn demands an egg for every meal, and of late has been getting them. When the hens discovered the manner in which he had circumvented them they were furious. Many of them declared they would starve before they would consent to deliver eggs under a time clock arrangement.

But when lack of food made them too weak to cackle they returned to work at the physician's terms.

His patent nest is the result of years of earnest study. Each of these nests is a boxlike structure filled with food. The hen enters by a door which snaps behind her the minute she plants her foot on the floor.

Mrs. Hen helps herself to a seven course dinner and has no idea that she is a prisoner until she starts to leave. She tries the door, but it won't budge. Of course it isn't ladylike, but as a last resort she puts her foot against the unyielding panel. She sets up an awful clatter for a few minutes, but nobody pays any attention to her. If she is an intelligent hen she whistles away the time by laying an egg.

This egg drops through a hole in the nest and in its descent strikes a spring which opens the door. Mrs. Hen regains her liberty, and the egg, after striking an inverted rubber stamp containing the day and date, rolls into a receiving box under the nest.

"Have they tried to beat your system?" Dr. Washburn was asked today.

"I caught one wise old hen going into the nest with a potato in her mouth. She would balance the potato on her back while she was eating, and when it came time for her to make good she would drop it through the hole. I hid the potatoes, and since then I have been getting splendid results from her."

"Keep you pretty busy, eh?" was asked. "Yes," said the physician, "but a new device of mine is making things easier. You see, all my neighbors keep hens, and I found myself answering the cackling alarms of the whole neighborhood. Now I mix gasoline in the food of my hens and they honk when they lay."

WIFE'S FEET ON PILLOW.

Husband's Charge Falls to Prevent
Her Getting a Divorce.

Seattle, Wash.—In his plea for a divorce from Amanda M. Warmoth, J. H. Warmoth told Judge Mitchell Gilliam that his wife had accused him of lying, had treated him cruelly, and made a practice of sleeping with her feet on the pillow. In addition to this, said Warmoth, his wife finally deserted him. The couple were married Feb. 13, 1908.

Mrs. Warmoth appeared in the case, denied the allegation of her husband and asked a decree of divorce in her cross complaint. She told the Court that Warmoth had treated her unkindly, even cruelly, and that he had finally deserted her.

Judge Gilliam, after sifting the testimony, granted the decree of divorce to the wife.

UNLAWFUL TO BAR CHILDREN.

Chicago Judge Regards Action of
Landlords as Bad Public Policy.

Chicago, Ill.—It was held unlawful and opposed to public policy for a landlord to refuse to rent an apartment to a family with children under 14 years old, according to a decision handed down by Judge Himes in the Municipal Court here.

Judge Himes also said that he considered the barring of children from apartment houses an incentive toward "race suicide." He added that hotels and lodging houses were not proper abodes for young children, and, if they were barred from apartment houses, those would be the only places left for them.

Seven Teachers Wed Seven Sons.

Sacramento, Cal.—It is hard to keep up a supply of teachers in Plaskett Valley, a remote district in Monterey County. The last seven teachers in this district have married, each taking a son of Amos Plaskett, a wealthy rancher, as a husband. Plaskett has one son left, the youngest, and although it will not be stipulated in a contract, the next school marm is expected to follow the custom of the others.

Leases a Slough and Makes Money.

Lyons, Neb.—Citizens who laughed when James Brink leased what is known as "Muskrat Slough," lying north of Lyons, have changed their views, for the venture is paying, and paying well. Already he has taken over 600 muskrats from the slough, for which he was offered 27 cents each by an Omaha man and refused to take less than 20 cents.

BREGSTEIN BROS.

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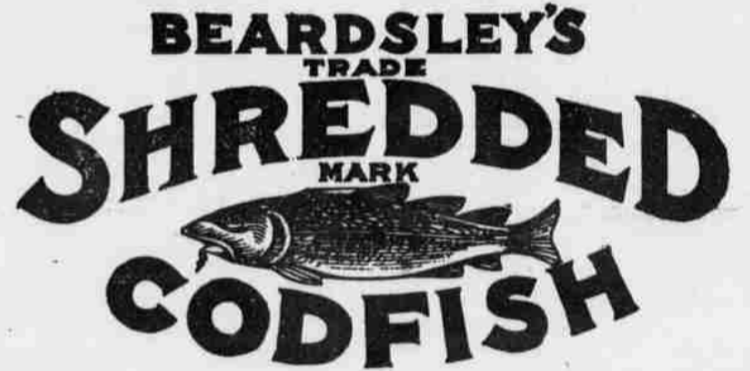
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